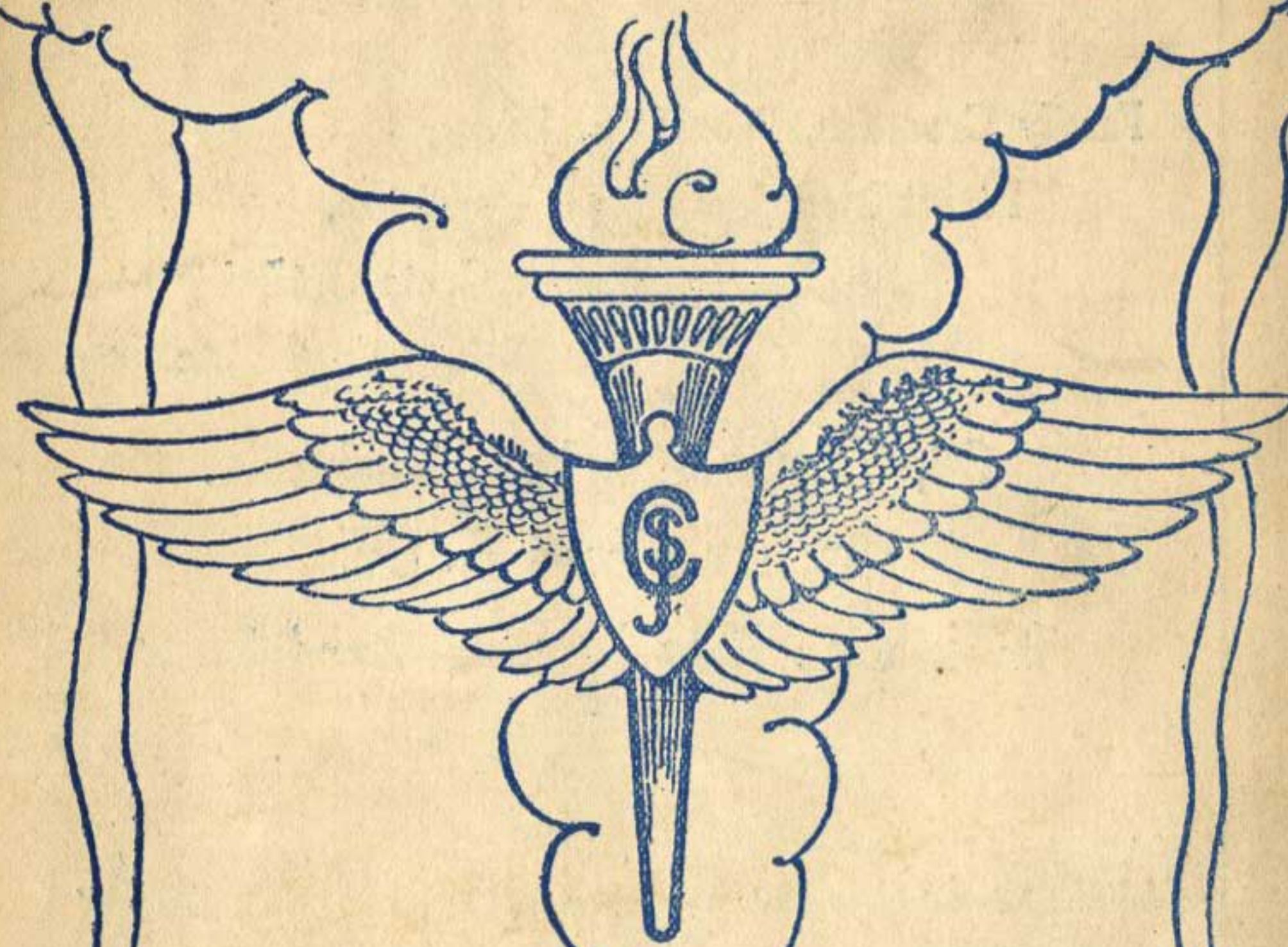


# FORWARD



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85 BLUFF, YOKOHAMA, JAPAN

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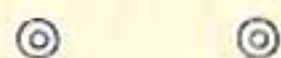
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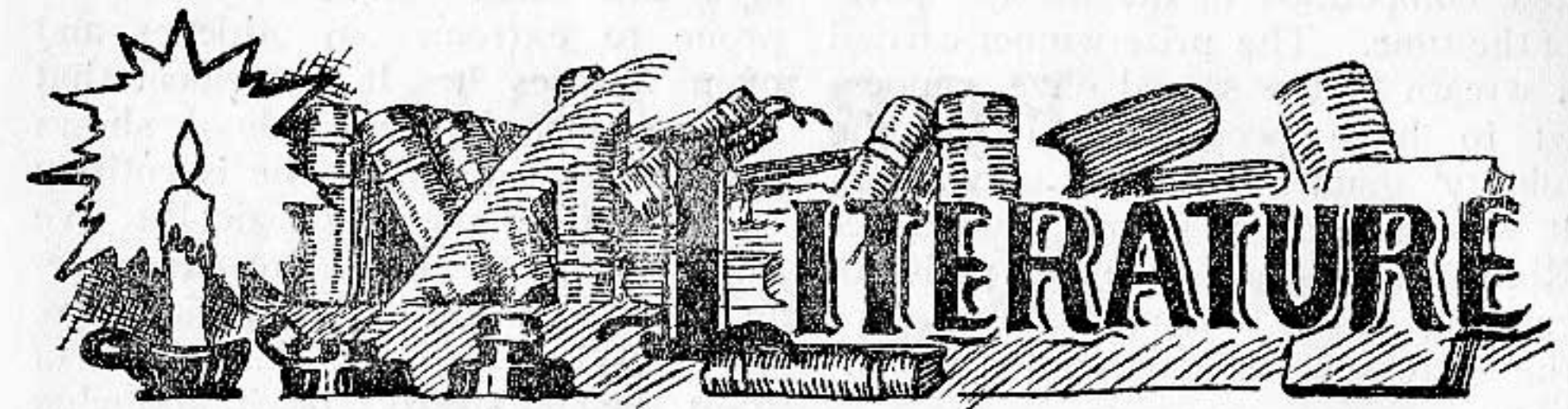
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## Recreation and Athletics (At School)

Kostia Kosloff '26

EVERY mechanical contrivance in order to go smoothly and efficiently, needs rest and lubrication. It is exactly the same for man: he is a rational machine and as such needs food and recreation.

Recreation is a diversion from our daily routine of work. It invigorates the human composite energies and renders one more capable in one's occupation. In schools where boys and girls give themselves over to regular mental work recreation becomes an essential factor for refreshing their intellectual capacities. But while recreation, in time has taken on many phases, medical science pronounced the most profitable one that of exercise. Thus the latter became compulsory in scholastic institutions assuming the name of athletics. School bodies organized teams and a keen intercollegiate competition sprang up. This induced the modern student not only to indulge in exercise and recreation but to put full interest and zeal in the tussles and to become ambitious in developing his body and his bodily skill. His free time was wholesomely occupied and athletics began to serve a twofold purpose: primarily as recreation and secondarily as development of

body and training of character. Recreation is included in athletics, which latter are in reality but a form of recreation. Yet they are not quite the same: recreation in itself is not athletics, nor athletics recreation.

To illustrate this parallellism we take the boy who is engaged in athletics, and him who is a mere spectator. As a fact the former is healthy, strong, buxom, while the latter is pale, sickly, inactive. What is he lacking? Physical training. While he gives rest to his mind, he takes no steps in refreshing, developing and exercising his body. As a matter of fact the organs are not sufficiently fed and the entire human system shrinks. The under-developed student has brought it about that schools force their students to take exercise and indulge in sports. Their recreation time thus becomes advantageously employed both for mind and body.

It is to be noted that Romans took excessive interest in athletics. Every four years in the first full moon after the summer solstice all petty feuds between states or individuals were laid aside and the youths of the country assembled to engage in spir-



ited competition in the manly sports of the time. The prize-winner carried a wreath of the sacred olive, supposed to have been planted by the mighty giant Hercules...only that. It was in itself a paltry reward yet Roman athletes deserve our praise in entering these Olympic games for the mere sake of sport and competition.

The foundation of the Roman glory and power was built on this physical and moral strength of their juvenes and we know how the Romans were a race of physical perfection and patriotic ideals. The physical strength of individuals is largely the national strength of the country. But yet while athletics and recreation are beneficial to the human system and in general to humanity they also have their many abuses and misuses. There may be recreation employed in idling which is the direct cause or outlet on many evils. Also many young men indulge in harmful recreation such as reading bad books, idling about bad company, attending immoral movies, theaters, gambling etc., all these straightway injure our morality and health. There is also the abuse of athletics and collegiate professionalism. The former is especially the vogue in Japan. It is

egrettable that modern youth is prone to extremes in athletics and often misuses it. It is evident that if a boy in a Japanese school shows any athletic capabilities he is entirely excluded from the scholastic list. We know Japanese schools are excessively sensitive to athletic championships. So instead of checking this abuse of sport they indirectly abet it, and what happens? Their representatives take too great a dose of training, the body is strained, broken down, the heart weakened and as a result there is premature death.

On the other hand American universities and colleges "rock their athletes in the very cradle of professionalism." A great number of well-known athletes are brought up within the college portals face to face with professionalism and when any of them become "stars" in the intercollegiate athletics they are picked up by the professional promoters and enter the professional lists. It is also a known fact that college ball players often indulge in professional summer ball, playing for money, often with the connivance of college authorities.

Recreation at schools is most beneficently utilized in athletics but we must be on guard vs the many possible abuses.

## Shopping in Tokyo

S. Kawazoe '26

**Time** .....One pleasant Saturday afternoon.

**Place** .....A department store in Tokyo.

**Personnae**...A young American, one of those "Just from

the States."

A Japanese Salesman who had acquired a knowledge of English in a Japanese University.

"Hello."

"Goodde morning, sa. Whatte can I dzu for you tsu-day?"

"I want to have some cocoa, please."

(After some pause.) "Ah! Please exculpate me from ze imputation of my badde hearing, sa, but ze comprehensibility of you-a wardz (words) iz,—."

"What in the world are you talking about? I'm asking for cocoa."

"Ha! Ze wald (world) iz talking aboute itte? Butte we only have Japanese "Koko," sa (meaning pickled cucumbers etc.)"

"Oo, any kind will do as long as its cocoa."

"In glass bottles, or—in Hermetically (Hermetically) sealed cans, sa?"

"What? Glass bottles?"

"Or in a wooden barrels, sa, and sometimes in noshing at all, sa."

"Show me some please."

"Yes, please waite a littsle,— (bringing some canned pickles and pickled "Daikons" the latter smelling indubitably "louder" than far-gone Limburger cheese)—I presume, sa, zat ze—."

"What in the world is this? Japanese cocoa?—Wo-o-o-f! What a whiff! Take away that yellow stuff!"

(Looking somewhat perplexed)  
"Please exonerate me, sa, from ze imputashion of my fauty comprehen-

sion butte you asked for "Koko" sa, and zis iz itte."

"Well, whatever it is this is not the cocoa I'm asking for."

"Ah! You did notte aske for "Koko"?"

"I do, but not this rot."

"Zey uually dzu notte "rot", sa, becose zey are sheesened (seasoned) wiz ze salt."

"Cocoa preserved in salt?"

"Notte all of zem, sa, some are prepared in a meddoly (meaning mixture) of lice (rice) and sugar butte zis iz more expenshive, sa."

"'Lice and sugar'? Queer combination indeed.—Well———But say, why all this trouble.—There it is! That's the cocoa I was asking for! On the third shelf.—To your right.—Ah, not so much.—A trifle to the left.—There, that's it."

"Ah-h-h! You meante "Koko-a"! Butte I hope you will pardone me, sa, for ze lack of my explicitte discretion and ze—."

"How much?"

"One yen sarty sen, sa."

"Here you are.—Ah, by the way can you tell me where I can get an automobile around here?"

"Otomo-beel, sa?"

"Yes."

"I am belly solly, sa, butte we have no such "Beel" (beer) sa."

"What the——. Well never mind then. Good-by."

"Goodde-by, sa, and sank you."

## A Diplomatic Samurai

Alfred Agajan '26

THE execution had been ordered to take place in the palace grounds. So the condemned was taken there, and made to kneel in a wide sanded

space crossed by a line of stepping-stones, such as you may still see in Japanese landscape-gardens. His arms were bound behind him, and guards



were in line at his sides. The master came to inspect the arrangements, and found them satisfactory.

Suddenly the condemned man cried out to him:—

"Honored Sir, the crime for which I have been doomed I did not wittingly commit. It was only my very great stupidity which caused the fault. Having been born stupid, I could not always help making mistakes. But to execute a man for being stupid is unjust,—and that injustice will be avenged. So surely as you kill me, so surely shall I be avenged;—out of the resentment that you provoke will come the vengeance; and evil will be rendered for evil..."

It was a deep rooted superstition among the Japanese that if any person be killed while feeling strong resentment, the ghost of that person will be able to take vengeance upon the perpetrators of his death. This the samurai knew. He replied very gently,—almost caressingly:—

"We shall allow you to frighten us as much as you please—after you are dead. But it is difficult to believe that you mean what you say. Will you try to give us some sign of your great resentment—after your head has been cut off?"

"Assuredly I will," answered the man.

"Very well," said the samurai, drawing his long sword;—"I am now going to cut off your head. Directly in front of you there is a stepping-stone. After your head has been cut off, get it to mount that stone and stare at me. If your angry ghost can help you do that, some of us may be frightened.....Will you do it?"

"I will do it!" cried the man, in great anger,—“I will do it!—I will..."

There was a flash, a swish, a crunching thud: the bound body fell to the ground,—two long blood-jets pumping from the shorn neck;—and the head rolled upon the sand, and, without stopping, mounted the stepping-stone and stared with glazed eyes at the samurai.

None spoke; but the guards gaped in horror at their master. He seemed to be quite unconcerned. He merely held out his sword to the nearest attendant, who, with a wooden dipper, poured water over the blade from haft to point, and then carefully wiped it several times.....And thus ended the ceremonial part of the incident.

For months after, the guards and prison inmates lived in ceaseless fear of ghostly visitation. None of them doubted that the promised vengeance would come; and their constant terror caused them to hear and to see much that did not exist. They became afraid of the sound of the wind in the bamboos,—afraid even of the stirring of shadows in the garden. At last, after taking counsel together, they decided to petition their master to have a service performed in the temple on behalf of the vengeful spirit.

"Quite unnecessary," the samurai said, when his chief retainer had voiced the general wish..."I understand that the desire of a dying man for revenge may be a cause for fear. But in this case there is nothing to fear."

The retainer looked at his master beseechingly, but hesitated to ask the reason of his alarming confidence.

"Oh, the reason is simple enough," declared the samurai, divining the unspoken doubt. "Only the very last intention of that fellow could

have been dangerous; and when I challenged him to give me the sign, I diverted his mind from the desire of revenge. He died with the set purpose of getting his head to mount the stone. And that he did accomplish. And all his vengeance he

must have forgotten in his determination to do that one thing...So you need not feel any further anxiety about the matter."

And indeed the dead man gave no more trouble. Nothing at all happened.

## Anti-gravitation Machine

I. Agafuroff '26

ONE of the many scientific enigmas of all times is the force known as gravitation. From Archimedes to Einstein it was and still remains the puzzle of scientists.

Indeed most people on this enlightened globe of ours think that gravitation is the strange power which causes a man to slip off the roof and seek his lower level at the expense of a broken limb. Beyond that their knowledge borders close on perfect ignorance. Taking this as a definition of gravitation it is hardly possible to come to any sensible conclusion as to its nature. But happily for us there has appeared on the horizon a very learned and illustrious personage by the name of Maximilian Archibald Wight who advanced a very plausible theory on the force of gravity. Unlike our wellknown Galileo he did not drop anything from the tower of Pisa but merely sat down at his desk and simply got an idea. Looking at his radio set, which was one of the best receivers of static in the neighborhood, he conceived the idea that gravitation might be a wave motion similar to electro-magnetic waves of huge length. Now as radio waves pass thru opaque objects like walls and houses, and light waves

thru transparent objects, why could not the gravitational waves pass thru all objects whether solid, liquid or gaseous.

Taking this wave theory as basis, Mr. Maximilian Wight continued at his desk and devised a contrivance which influenced gravitational waves to some degree. "Now," he said, "no more shall men fall down from the roofs and break their dear bones, for gravity peace shall reign supreme."

According to Mr. M. A. Wight's theory the pull which we all experience is the effect of a wave motion. His instrument catches those waves and reverses them, hence the gravitational pull is changed into a negative directional pull. By various turns of the instrument we are able to guide ourselves whithersoever we please. All a person has to do is to provide himself with a special "gravity set." And by regulating this set he tunes in the waves; then by moving another set of dials he reverses the force of gravity to the degree of his liking. And if the neighbourhood of the clouds is not to his whims he can move his body a little lower or swerve to the left or to the right according as his fancy dictates.



Soon there will be a regular traffic established just above the earth. This new invention will be as popular as radio, and "gravity bugs" will be as numerous as radio bugs used to be in those hazardous times of the popular car and steam railway. Excursions to the moon will be a week-end amusement. Planets will exchange ambassadors and when the "ultra-

speed dyne" sets come into use, inter-planet gravity races will take place.

Many other things will be possible in that gravity age. But since those things are still unattainable in this old-fashioned present of ours call a halt to my expostulations and wish posterity a happy trip to Saturn when once those aforementioned contrivances shall have matured.

## Life Saving

Edward Salter '26

IT was the last day of my vacation. I was sitting on the shining sands, gazing at the perfectly blue sky. I was pondering over what I had done during the vacation; at the moment I could not recall having done anything out of the ordinary. I got a fancy to save somebody, in fact I had never saved anyone from anything except that I had saved myself from a thrashing when I studied my lesson at school, but that was the only real rescue work that I could ever remember. I shut my eyes and I could see myself rescuing another from troubled waters. First I pinched his nostrils then tilted his chin and brought him in at my leisure. I was surrounded by an enthusiastic group of which I modestly leave the center saying indifferently: "Oh it's nothing, any man would have done the same under the circumstances."

That afternoon I went out swimming, or at any rate paddling, to the raft which was far, far away from the tents. First you had to trot over the burning sands for about ten yards until you reached the water's brink, then gallop a twenty yards in the shallow waters, then walk slowly until the waves lapped over your

Adam's apple, then you had another ten yards to the raft.

There was only one man on it who was rubbing his leg vigorously. As I came on the slippery board he said to me; "Had a bite of cramps just now."

"Cramps!" Then I riveted my gaze at the man's nose and chin. He had a Roman nose, easy to pinch and a square jaw equally easy to tilt. While I was so thinking, a wave came and washed us both off. He, still holding his leg went below the waves. Here I thought I could save some one. He suddenly came to the surface so I shouted; "Help...and I intended to say "is near" but a vicious wave filled my mouth and I babbled out something that sounded like a turkey's gobble. Suddenly I felt myself pulled down by strong tentacles to Davy Jones' Locker. Then darkness came upon me and I remembered nothing until I found myself lying flat on the sands and an enthusiastic crowd surrounded the man on the raft who was saying; "I pinched his nose tilted his chin and brought him safely to the sand." Then he continued; "Oh, it's nothing any man would have done the same."

## The Vengeance of the Gods

K. Kosloff '26

IN eastern Mongolia, in the district of Halha, there dwelt a mighty Mongolian lord: Dalai-han. His domains were so vast that he knew not their limits and his herds so innumerable that he had long lost the record of their numbers. But Dalai-han was exceedingly conscious of the magnificent black stallion that played about in his numberless herds. The praise of this horse had long spread over the entire Mongolia and indeed it was justifiable. The unimaginable beauty of line, the pride, the strength and grace of this beast brought a chuckle of delight and admiration to anyone who had set eyes on him and no one could look upon the black, exquisite form of glossy silk and the mane of sheer beauty that crowned the splendid, delicately cut head, without the passion to possess it.

But of all the ardent admirers, Kirchuck, a poor Mongolian, was the most passionate. The thought to possess the horse had become his unceasing dream; it haunted him since he had first set eye upon the shapely form. But what could he do? Steal it? Dalai-han was watchful especially over his treasure. Buy it? He was penniless. And so he revolved in his mind many plans more or less realizable. As time slipped by, he finally hit upon a wild and desperate one.

In the village of Ugunor there was a temple of the most sacred of gods, the god of the Sun. Great was the god and many sacrifices had been offered to his glory. The temple was renowned for the wonderful wrought gold idols and deities.

The thought of this shrine had fixed itself in Kirchuck's mind. At first it was a fleeting thought, a momentary temptation, and the Mongolian rejected it. But the devil inside of him kept on whispering: "It's there, heaps of it, piled up and unguarded; go, take it and the horse shall be yours. Days succeeded days and when the new risen moon walked up again the heaven's path, temptation had taken deliberate consent.

One night when low, threatening clouds hovered over the earth, Kirchuck's small Mongolian pony bore him quickly to the desired spot. Ahead of him were the murky lights of Ugunor. The Mongolian rode in silence. Morbidly he neared the village and with every step his heart jumped a beat. The long stretch of grass between him and the tents in advance was covered. He had entered the village. Cautiously he dismounted and leapt into the enveloping darkness. A dog or two barked, but the village was deep in slumber. The Mongolian easily reached the temple. It was unguarded and the sting of remorse pricked his conscience. The awful deed horrified him. Was it ever heard in the Orient that the temple of gods should be violated? Kirchuck stopped, undetermined. For a brief while he stood there, his soul aflame, but the bad impulse triumphed.

A few efforts disclosed to him a small opening in the wall and he slipped thru.

At first the scene astounded him. Midway burned a dim fire whose small flame flickered feebly. All round him in huge and mountainous shadows



rose the shapes of deities wonderfully wrought. Everywhere about him was the sheen of gold. In ordered piles, in scattered pieces it lay, wrought into a thousand fantastic shapes, as idols, serpents, basins, pots and varied treasure. The eyes of the barbarian sparkled with excitement.

He robbed the temple and bought the horse. At last his dream had materialized. How happy, how childishly happy he became. For hours he would ride out into the long, boundless steppes, whirling about on the never tiring steed. What friendly intercourse they would have together! Two secluded beings: a man and a beast. It was a friendship true and loyal, nay it was more than that, the wild barbarian heart of the Mongolian held an impulsive, passionate affection for the horse something akin to love.

But the great happiness was not lasting. Misfortunes heaped upon Kirchuck. His young wife died and the first shadow of sorrow overshadowed the happy days. The hunting that year was bad. A new, strange, fearful fire flickered in the barbarian's eyes. He became restless, deep in his soul some new strange voice whispered "It is the vengeance of gods."

A year rolled by. The new born spring bathed in the sunshine of glory and splendor flooded the world, bringing happiness to the hearts of men. But Kirchuck's heart remained cold and unresponsive. He became gloomy and strangely secluded, sitting for hours in the old, wheather-beaten tent.

One day he walked out of his hut. Silently saddled the favorite and rode off. His decision was made. He had angered the gods and they thundered down their wrath in frightful

vengeance. He must crave for forgiveness. The sacrifices have been offered but were rejected, therefore the insulted gods demanded a greater sacrifice. So this day of resplendent sunshine Kirchuck rode out to offer his pet horse.

The long summer day was declining, while the glorious sun was slowly sinking in the west over the semi-circular carpet of grass. Kirchuck had stopped, dismounted the black stallion and let it free to graze the grass. Then deliberately retreated a few paces and slowly reloaded the carbine. For a moment he stood fascinated. He looked at the beautiful head, the flaring nostrils, the tossing main, at the shapely chiseled form, as if trying to imprint the dear image and carry it way with him. Then hastily levelled the carbine. His fingers tightened about the trigger. It cracked—the black beast reared, heavily thudded to the ground, violently snorted the air, gave two or three convulsive kicks and then became quiet. He was dead.

The sands of time rolled slowly by. They have changed many things, but Kirchuck remained the same: gloomy and brooding. His happiness was gone. Every day he would ride out into the wide, enchanting steppes and spend there the live-long day in chanting the wild, Oriental, Mongolian songs.

Once a wild desire overcame him to look upon the bones of his old friend. Once more he saddled the small, Mongolian pony and rode over the tractless plain. Fearfully he approached the haunted spot and there amidst the wild, shyly peeping flowers lay the hideous, horse's skull. A train of memories rushed to the Mongolian's mind and a tear stole down the tanned, prominent cheeks.

Heavily he dropped down, covering his face with his hands and poured forth his sorrow in the outlet of wild, barbaric, Mongolian lamentations..... aroused by the unknown, enchanting, fascinating music, a small viper stirred uneasily in the hollow cavity of the skull. It peeped thru the circular opening of the eye and hissed omi-

nously in protestation of the disturbed peace.

Then its slim, slippery body snailed thru the hole, unheeded, to the man and treacherously, hideously dipped the poisonous fang into the prostrate body.

Days went by, and life went on as before only...the poor Mongolian, Kirchuck, never returned.

## The Poor Fish

W. H. Helm '26

**M**R. Harold Wright decided that he was all right and success would be his. It had taken him several years of patient experimenting to come to this conclusion. At last he had found the process of coloring fish to any desired hue, for table, for decoration, or for any other purpose; and now he was coming to Japan to start his goldfish business. The tipsy freighter docked and he went ashore. He had already arranged for renting land. There only remained to set up a shack, build the ponds and get the fish. He drove out to the place and got things under way; it would take a few weeks to complete the farm. Maybe some financiers would be interested. Some were.

The fish farm was ready for use. Mr. Wright's fish and water supply were from a large lake, controlled by the mayor of the neighboring town of Hirayama. Business started fine. The fish were of all desirable shapes, sizes and flavors,—an injection—some chemical food, and in a few days you had the most brilliantly colored fish imaginable; and the

market!—after the first consignment reached California, order after order came pouring in.

This was too much for Nakasa & Co., Wright's competitors. They must devise some means to prevent Wright from getting their market. That's it, stop his water supply; the fishermen might bring him fish but without water he'd be lost. Mr. Hara, the mayor was a friend of theirs; a little "palm oil" and he'd listen to reason. He did. Mr. Wright asked for an explanation.

"Mr. Hara is out of town. We can do nothing without consulting him."

"But we made a contract."

"Mr. Hara is out of town. We can do....."

"Confound these people. When will he return."

"We cannot tell."

The water level sank slowly; but this was not all. The chemical food gave out and the manufacturers of the vital constituent refused to sell. Mr. Wright was exasperated. He pumped all the water into one pond and put the fish into it. Still their color faded slowly and they were



useless. The financiers were frantic. Nakasa & Co. did not stop at this. The foreigner must be crushed, and quickly too for he might find a substitute. The root of a certain herb when properly cured was a deadly poison to rats and such like annoyances. They'd use it here.

In the dead of night, Mr. Wright who had been pacing up and down his room, heard a splash. The agent of Nakasa & Co. has done his work. Mr. Wright ran out into the yard,

spied the fleeing figure and sped after him. Soon the wretch was caught. He confessed all but it was too late, he must await results. Within three days all the fish had recovered. The poison reacted with the chemicals present in the water forming the very ingredient Mr. Wright lacked. The coloration of the fish was more beautiful than ever before.

Mr. Wright had no further trouble with Mr. Hara and Nakasa & Co. in any way.

## FRANÇAIS

### Un petit incident

Walter H. Helm '26

M. Laspière était un éminent chirurgien français. Son grand amour de sa profession et son entier dévouement à la science étaient hors de doute. Mais on sait que souvent les plus grands hommes, à côté de leurs qualités admirables, ont des défauts qui déparent quelque peu leurs éminentes dispositions. Le défaut de Laspière était d'aimer beaucoup l'argent. Et à ce sujet, on raconte de lui le petit incident suivant qui met bien en évidence ce petit côté de son caractère.

Un jour une femme lui amena son enfant, à peine âgé de cinq ans, et atteint d'une grave maladie. Après un examen très consciencieux, le célèbre praticien déclara à la pauvre mère qu'il était absolument nécessaire de faire une opération, si elle ne voulait pas perdre son enfant.

"Faites comme vous le jugez bon," répondit la femme d'un air désolé, "pourvu que mon petit Charles soit sauvé."

"Madame" ajouta le médecin, "je ferai aussi bien que je pourrai, le reste je le remets entre les mains de Dieu."

"Vous avez raison; faites de votre mieux, c'est tout ce que je demande."

Une heure après, l'enfant dormait tranquillement dans son lit. L'opération avait parfaitement réussi, et la mère, toute joyeuse, revint à l'hôpital pour remercier son bienfaiteur.

"Monsieur" dit-elle au docteur dès qu'elle le vit, "Je n'ai pas de mots pour vous exprimer mon bonheur et je ne sais comment vous récompenser de votre bonté. Acceptez, cependant, comme un souvenir durable de ma gratitude, ce petit porte-feuille brodé de mes propres mains."

"Madame," dit M. Laspière, "mon art n'est pas seulement une affaire de sentiment. Ma vie a des nécessités comme la vôtre. Permettez-moi de

refuser votre don charmant et de vous demander en place quelque chose de plus substantiel."

—"Et combien désirez-vous, Monsieur? C'est à vous à fixer le prix."

—"C'est cinq mille francs, madame." Sans manifester la moindre surprise

à ces mots, la dame ouvrit aussitôt le porte-feuille qu'elle avait offert au docteur, en tira dix billets de 1000 francs dont elle remit poliment cinq au docteur. Puis elle se retira, laissant ce dernier à son étonnement et à ses regrets.

## Punition d'un menteur

K. Kosloff '26

Il arriva un jour que l'empereur Alexandre I de Russie, en allant à la guerre, s'arrêta à la gare d'une petite ville de province. Pendant qu'on changea les chevaux de sa diligence, Sa Majesté entama une petite causerie avec le chef de gare. Remarquant que ce dernier tenait une bible en main, l'Empereur lui demanda d'un ton familier :

"Lisez-vous souvent ce livre?"

—"Tous les jours, Sire."

—"C'est très bien. Ne vous laissez jamais d'y puiser la nourriture de votre âme," repartit l'Empereur, "car si vous aspirez au bonheur du ciel, vous trouverez déjà la félicité sur la terre. Et où vous êtes-vous arrêté la dernière fois?"

"A l'Evangile de saint Matthieu, Sire."

Après ce petit dialogue, Alexandre invita son interlocuteur à sortir de la chambre. Puis, profitant de son absence, il ouvrit le livre à l'un des chapitres de saint Matthieu, y glissa quelques billets de banque et s'éloigna.

Plusieurs semaines s'étaient écoulées depuis cet incident quand l'Empereur, retournant par la même route et ayant reconnu la vieille petite ville, donna l'ordre de s'arrêter. Son premier souci fut d'aller visiter sa connaissance, le chef de gare.

"Bonjour, mon ami!" dit le czar en le voyant, "j'espère que vous vous portez bien. A propos, avez vous été

fidèle à la lecture de l'Ecriture Sainte pendant mon absence?"

—"Certainement, Sire, je n'ai pas manqué un seul jour à ma promesse."

—"Et où en êtes vous pour le moment?"

—"A l'Evangile de saint Luc."

—"Bien, voulez-vous m'apporter le livre?"

Sur cette demande, le bon chef de gare changea de couleur et parut extrêmement embarrassé, mais il exécuta l'ordre donné. L'Empereur ouvrit le livre et trouva les billets de banque à la même place où il les avait mis.

"Le mensonge est un grand vice!" remarqua le czar avec un air de mépris; et prenant les billets de banque, il les montra au chef de gare en disant :

"Si vous cherchez le bonheur dans le ciel, vous le trouverez déjà sur la terre. Mais comme vous ne le cherchez pas dans le ciel, vous n'êtes pas digne de la récompense du Czar."

Sur ces mots, il sortit précipitamment de la chambre et après avoir distribué la somme parmi quelques pauvres que sa présence avait attirés sur le lieu, il remonta dans sa diligence et disparut.

On n'a jamais à regretter d'avoir dit la vérité. Le mensonge, au contraire, tout en nuisant toujours à notre bonne renommée, nous cause souvent des dommages matériels.



## Le vrai héroïsme

I. Agafuroff '26

Léon était un garçon très faible, à l'extérieur timide et réservé. Il fréquentait l'école de N. où, comme dans beaucoup de collèges, on put trouver un certain nombre de diables effrontés et batailleurs. N'étant pas de cette catégorie d'enfants toujours en quête de mouvement et de lutte, Léon tâchait d'éviter autant que possible de participer aux mêlées bruyantes dans lesquelles quelques-uns de ses condisciples se faisaient remarquer. Il savait d'ailleurs que, même en essayant de se mesurer avec ces derniers, il aurait été sûrement battu, étant si petit et si chétif.

Parmi les meneurs, Pierre Laval se distingua surtout par sa brutalité. Il ne manqua aucune occasion de s'approcher de Léon pour le tourmenter ou le taquiner de toutes manières. Tantôt il venait et déchirait ses livres, tantôt il lui donna quelques bourrades. En un mot la vie d'école du pauvre Léon eut plus d'épines que de roses.

Un beau matin d'un jour de congé, Pierre faisait une promenade solitaire le long de la rivière qui coulait doucement non loin de l'école. Il avait l'air pensif, et il méditait sans doute un vilain tour à jouer dans le courant de la journée, à l'un de ses innocents condisciples. Dans sa distraction il ne vit pas qu'il s'approcha trop près de la rivière. Il fit un faux pas et tomba dans l'eau, car il faut qu'il soit dit en passant que Pierre était aussi maladroit que vantard et

cruel et qu'à l'âge de 15 ans il ne savait pas encore nager.

"Au secours ! au secours !" cria le malheureux. Juste au moment où il allait trouver sa tombe au fond de l'eau, un jeune garçon passa près du lieu de l'accident et sans la moindre hésitation se jeta dans la rivière.

C'était Léon. Comme lui-même était un très pauvre nageur, il avait peu d'espoir de sauver son condisciple plus grand que lui. Malgré cela, il fit des efforts surhumains pour réussir dans son entreprise héroïque. Saisissant les herbes du rivage et employant tout ce qu'il avait de forces, il lui fut possible de se tirer sur le rivage, et son compagnon après lui.

A partir de ce jour-là, Pierre et Léon devinrent les meilleurs amis du monde et la suite de la vie de Léon au collège marqua la période la plus agréable et la plus heureuse de sa jeunesse.

Cette amitié avait les plus heureux résultats surtout pour Pierre. Au contact de la nature douce et affable de son ami, son caractère rude et ses manières impolies se transformèrent peu à peu, et il devint bientôt un modèle parmi ses condisciples.

L'amour de nos ennemis ne nous fait pas seulement vaincre toutes les difficultés, mais il produit très souvent la conversion de ces derniers à une vie de vertu.

## Un accident dans les Alpes

D. Dentici '28

La ville de X.... était une charmante localité située au pied des Alpes. Tous les habitants de cette petite ville étaient de hardis montagnards. Parmi eux il y avait la famille Drunier, dont les membres avaient été considérés pendant des années comme les plus habiles Alpinistes de l'endroit. Mais la famille ne comptait plus que trois personnes : la mère et ses deux fils. Le père et l'oncle avaient disparu quelques années auparavant dans un ravin.

Les fils Drunier, Jacques et Paul, tous deux à peu près du même âge avaient à peine 14 ans. Héritiers des goûts traditionnels de leur famille, ils aimaient passionnément les excursions dans les montagnes, et un jour une idée étrange leur vint dans la tête. Ils décidèrent d'aller à la recherche de cristaux dans la montagne. Malgré les vives remontrances et les instances de leur mère, ils partirent tous les deux un beau matin de janvier. La pauvre mère se mit à la porte pour les voir partir et les suivit de son regard inquiet et tendre jusqu'à ce que ses pauvres yeux déjà affaiblis par l'âge, les perdirent de vue.

Les voilà arrivés à l'un des endroits les plus pittoresques du pays. Devant eux se trouva une montagne dont ils se mirent à grimper les pentes escarpées. Après une longue et pénible ascension ils en gagnèrent le sommet. Mais voilà que le ciel devint tout à coup tout noir. Un vent d'orage se leva et augmenta à chaque instant

de violence. "C'est une tempête," remarqua Jacques, l'inquiétude sur son visage. Il eut à peine prononcé ces mots que la neige et les rochers sous ses pieds cédèrent et l'entraînèrent dans un précipice qui s'ouvrait derrière lui. Son frère, terrifié et désolé à la fois à cette vue, se mit aussitôt à la recherche de l'infortuné, mais il lui fut impossible d'avancer : le vent était trop fort. Il dut attendre une accalmie pour continuer les recherches. Vers deux heures, la tempête se calma. Paul monta et descendit les pentes, mais ne vit rien que de la neige. Il chercha ; il appela ; pas de réponse. De nouveau sa belle voix sonore, mais maintenant si plaintive, de montagnard retentit dans la solitude. "Jacques, Jacques, mon frère, où es-tu ?" Le silence fut la seule réponse à ses appels déchirants. Et il se mit à pleurer. "Mais pourquoi pleurer," se dit-il après un moment de réflexion ; avec du courage et des efforts renouvelés je pourrai peut-être retrouver mon cher frère." Et il se remit à chercher. Bientôt il entendit des gémissements. Son cœur bondit. Ayant fait quelque pas en avant, il trouva son pauvre frère couché dans la neige et couvert de sang. Paul tira aussitôt de sa poche une liqueur fortifiante dont il fit boire un peu à son frère. Ceci ranima quelque peu ce dernier mais ne lui rendit pas assez de forces pour pouvoir marcher. De plus sa jambe avait reçu une forte foulure et sa main, une grave blessure. Paul alors



réunit toutes ses forces, et bon Samaritain d'un nouveau genre, le porta jusqu'à une petite auberge au bas de la montagne.

La blessure ayant été lavée avec soin, on loua une voiture qui ramena les deux frères à la maison où leur mère les attendait avec impatience. Il n'est pas difficile de s'imaginer l'émotion de celle-ci en voyant l'état de Jacques. Elle s'empessa de de-

mander des explications sur la manière dont l'accident s'était produit, et Paul raconta tout avec autant de simplicité que de précision. Surtout il ne manqua pas de demander pardon à sa mère, pour lui et pour Jacques, de leur commune désobéissance qui aurait pu avoir des conséquences si funestes. Et la suite de sa vie montra que sa promesse et ses protestations furent sincères.

## La bague précieuse

F. Clarke '27

Un père de famille, vieux et infirme, sentant qu'il n'avait plus longtemps à vivre, distribua sa fortune entre ses trois fils. Il garda seulement une bague très précieuse. S'adressant ensuite à ses enfants, il leur dit: "Cet anneau est destiné à celui d'entre vous qui fera l'action la plus noble. Partez maintenant et revenez dans quatre semaines. A votre retour, vous me raconterez ce que vous aurez accompli de noble et de généreux durant votre absence.

Les frères partirent, et au temps convenu ils étaient de retour auprès de leur père. Tous s'empressèrent de raconter ce qu'ils avaient fait durant les quatre semaines d'absence, chacun espérant recevoir comme prix de sa conduite l'anneau tant convoité.

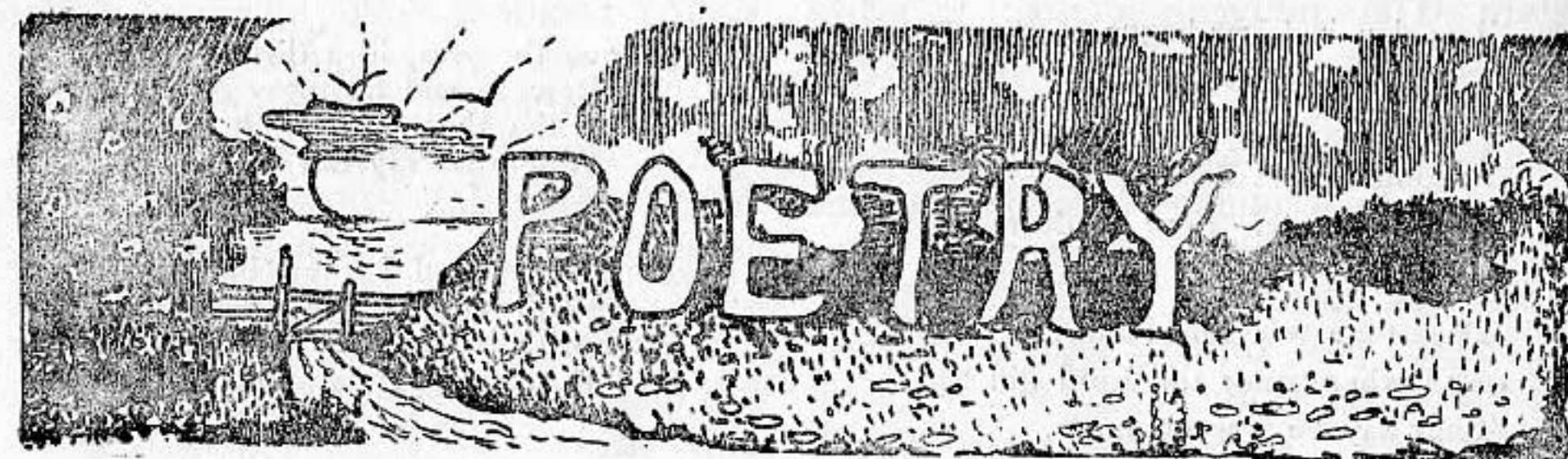
L'aîné dit: "J'étais au service d'un homme très riche. Un jour, avant de partir pour un long voyage, il me confia une grosse somme en or. Il arriva que cet homme mourut deux semaines après. Et bien que personne ne sût que j'étais en possession de son trésor, je me mis à la recherche de ses héritiers et après les avoir trouvés à la suite de pénibles démarches, je leur rendis l'argent qui leur revenait."—"Vous avez agi honnête-

ment," dit le père, mais après tout vous n'avez fait que votre devoir."

Le second parla ainsi: "Il m'arriva un jour de passer près d'un lac quand, tout à coup, je vis un petit enfant tomber dans l'eau. Comme un éclair je me précipitai dans le lac et tirai l'enfant du danger."—"Je dois avouer que vous avez agi héroïquement," dit le père, "mais tout considéré, vous avez simplement fait ce que tout homme de coeur aurait dû faire en pareille circonstance.

Enfin, le plus jeune raconta ceci: "Un jour, dans mes voyages, je suivais par hasard un sentier très étroit qui longeait une falaise escarpée. Tout à coup, je trouvai un homme profondément endormi sur le bord du précipice. C'était mon ennemi mortel. Le moindre mouvement de sa part aurait pu le faire rouler dans l'abîme. Alors je le pris doucement dans mes bras et le portai en une place de sûreté. Ceci fait, je continuai mon chemin."

Quand le fils eut fini de parler, le père le regarda avec complaisance et fierté et lui dit: "Vous avez fait l'action la plus belle de tous parce que vous avez sauvé votre ennemi d'une mort certaine. La bague est à vous."



### SHOULD WE DESPAIR?

We ride on skiffs of golden dreams,  
Aglow with great ambition,  
With high ideals, of great esteem,  
Of sad realization.

We drift upon the stormy sea,  
We never know the morrow,  
Until some day we come to see,  
Our lot's part joy, part sorrow.

But, though ideals may not come true,  
And you may never prosper,  
Despair should never be for you;  
For none of us 'tis proper.

"To man, in this his trial state,  
The privilege is given,  
When lost by tides of human fate,  
To anchor fast in Heaven."

S. Kawazoe '26

### SPRING

The woodland's laughing radiantly  
Mid tender beauties bright,  
And vernal buds of flowers paint  
The meadows with delight.

Dame Nature's magic moulds a land  
Where golden sunbeams glow,  
And voices of the breezes swell  
With accents soft and low.

The hawthorns soon will the wreath  
The silv'ry wreath of May,  
For all on earth now bends beneath  
The youthful season's sway.

Encircling in the azure blue  
The blithesome lark I see,  
So full of love, he seems to chant,  
His happy song for me.

The violets in velvet nooks  
Resplendent purple show,  
And daisies decked in pearly dew  
Their fragrant breath bestow.

How verdant are the mellow vales  
And smiling are the hills,  
How balmy are the western winds  
That glide along the rills.

For 'tis the time of golden joys,  
The merry time of glee,  
And heav'nly choirs voice again  
The sweetest melody.

For God above the Spring has blessed  
Yes He the King of Kings,  
And of His praise the Universe  
With ev'ry creature sings.

F. Clarke '27

### FRIENDSHIP

True friendship is a treasure rare,  
Worth more than gold to those who care.  
It is an amarantine flower!  
A comfort in a dreary hour.  
This is a prize of heavenly birth  
Not to be bought like things of earth.  
'Tis sought by all, enjoyed by few,  
Though friends are many, few are true.

W. H. Helm '26



## REDEMPTION

The day had but begun  
The sky was void of sun  
When weeping friends drew near,  
Precious spices bearing  
To anoint their Lord so dear.

The stone was rolled away,  
And where once the Lord did lay,  
They say he was no more.  
Jesus Christ had risen  
As He had said before.

He died to save us all;  
E'en those who often fall  
They never need despair  
(How great may be their fault)  
If they for Him but care.

W. H. Helm '26

## EASTER REIGNS

Why do the flow'ry hilltops smile  
In such a radiant way?  
Who do the babbling brooklets wind  
So merrily and gay?

Why do the little birdies chant  
Their blithesome songs of glee?  
Why do the balmy zephyrs sigh  
Along the verdant lea?

Why does the distant ocean's roar  
Bid ev'ry care depart?  
Why does the peaceful tolling flow  
Like balsam to the heart?

Now 'tis the time when joyous strains  
Swell thru the happy land;  
And from amidst the wreath of smiles  
Comes Easter bright and grand.

Yes Easter reigns, on gems enthroned  
In spring-time's beauty dressed:  
Encrowned in tender radiant splendors  
Of the youthful season blest.

Kostia Kosloff '26

## THE CAPTIVE

Across the seas, in a distant land,  
Remote and far away  
There lies the home I left behind  
Where all my days were gay.

Oh in that land I knew but bliss,  
With smiling hills around;  
And with its vales and deep ravines  
Where flowerets abound.

But now such joy is gone and fled  
My days are long and drear  
Where are the groves? They are but dreams  
Sweet dreams that days endear.

Oh how I long thru all these years  
My lovely home to see!  
Yet I am lost and, cannot break  
My hard captivity.

But though I hope no more on earth  
To taste that ancient glee,  
In dawning heaven let it last  
For all eternity.

K. Kosloff '26

## SPRING DAYS

Sunny are the verdant hills,  
Cheerful are the vales  
Limpid are the winding rills,  
Flowing down the dales.

Softly gentle breezes blow  
Sighing silently  
Floating in the air serene  
Swelling melody.

Lovely are the vernal days  
Many are their joys  
Rosy are the balmy hours  
Happy are the boys.

V. Kulikoff '27

## LARKS' SONG

Come where the sunbeams are playing,  
Playing with the glittering dew;  
List to the larks that are calling  
Mirthfully singing for you.

Gracefully now they are soaring  
Joyfully downward they fly,  
Twirling along in the morning  
Show'ring their songs far and nigh.

Come where the zephyrs are blowing  
Scatt'ring the leaves o'er the sod;  
Hark to the larks that are singing  
Hymns to the Creator-God.

I. Agafuroff '26

## A HAPPY MAN

A happy, happy man is he  
Who with the cock at morn  
From slumber rises prompt to greet  
Another day new born.

And off to work the live-long day,  
Forth to the fields he goes  
As would a boy go out to play  
If he were left to choose.

And when the day is well nigh done  
By homeward path returns,  
The dearest spot beneath the sun;  
Where only love's fire burns.

His sleep is an unbroken one  
From start of night to cease,  
For cares and worries he has none;  
He is with God at peace.

Edward Salter '26

## EDITORIAL

## CHARACTERISTICS OF A STUDENT

## Dependability

Kostia Kosloff '26

"NO man is bound to be great or rich.....no, nor to be wise; but every man is bound to be honest."

Honesty is the foundation of all personal excellence. It means dependability and exhibits itself in all one's daily conduct. It is truth in action and shines thru every word and deed. Simple honesty of purpose goes a long way in life. It is steady obedience to the rule one knows and feels to be right. At school, dependability is the criterion of progress in learning, while without it there is no real efficiency. If a man would later in life command the esteem and confidence of others, he must be known as trustworthy and capable of performing conscientiously the duties incumbent on all members of his corporation; in other words a man to be worthy of trust must be inspired with motives and principles of truth and these rules must be pursued with undeviating fidelity. His conduct must convince others that he can be trusted and his actions serve as a passport to the general esteem and confidence of his fellow-men.



## Obedience

Stanley Dresser '26

**O**BEDIENCE may almost be regarded as the primary element of character. It forms one of the distinctive characteristics differentiating man from animal; and, indeed, there can be no true manhood without it.

The Bible praises not the great conqueror who "taketh cities," but the strong man who "ruleth his own spirit." This strong man is he who, by discipline, exercises a constant control over his thoughts, his speech, and his acts.

One of the best aids to character is habit, which according as the will is directed rightly or wrongly, will prove either a benignant ruler or a cruel despot. We may be its willing subject on the one hand or its servile bondsman on the other. It may help us on the road to good, or it may hurry us on the way to ruin. Habit is formed by careful training, and it is astonishing how much can be accomplished by systematic discipline and drill. See how, for instance, out of the most unpromising material, such as street urchins or unkempt country lads, steady discipline and drill will bring out hidden traits of courage, endurance and self-sacrifice; and how on the field of battle, or even on the more trying occasions of perils at sea, such men, will exhibit an altogether unsuspected bravery and heroism.

Nor is moral discipline and drill less influential in the formation of character. Without it there will be no proper system or order in the regulation of life. Upon it depends the acquisition of the habit of obedience, and the development of the idea of duty.

The most self-possessed man is always under discipline; and the more perfect the discipline, the higher will be his moral excellence. He has to drill his desires and keep them in subjection to the higher powers of his nature. He must obey the word of command of that internal monitor, conscience, otherwise he will be but a slave of his inclinations, the sport of feeling and impulse.

The first seminary of moral discipline and the best, as we have already known, is the home with a good religious foundation; next comes the school and after that the whole wide world. Each is preparatory to the other, and what a man will become depends for the most part upon what he has been. If he has enjoyed the advantage of neither the home nor the school, but has been allowed to grow up untrained, untaught, and undisciplined, then woe to him and woe to the society of which he forms a part.

## Leadership

W. H. Helm '26

**"B**E not like dumb, driven cattle," was truly said as in the Psalm of Life. Every man and every boy has a will of his own and should have sense enough to do things of his own accord. This does not mean that he should disregard lawful authority, since naturally he must be obedient; neither should he take responsibility lightly: a soldier is not allowed to fire without orders. On the other hand, an emergency may sometimes warrant a departure: "I'm advancing," was what Marshal Foch, at the battle of the Marne wired

back, when he received orders to retreat,—and he won the day. Rather do some real work on Sunday, pulling a sheep out of a ditch than wait till Monday and find it too late. Again, you will not always have somebody at your side to tell you what to do. You will make little progress in the business world if your boss finds that you cannot think far enough ahead to do the right thing at the right time without being told exactly what to do.

"Silence is golden," but don't always be mute.

## Efficiency

Edward Salter '26

**"W**HATEVER is worth doing is worth doing well." Efficiency is the ability to do much work well. We are efficient when the energy or knowledge stored up in our minds becomes as large a fraction of the total work expended as possible.

I do not believe in a perpetual motion machine. There is always some wasted work, but we can so lessen the wasted energy as to attain relative perfection. We ought so to study as to lay by a store of knowledge and wisdom for after years. We should be honest with ourselves.

We should keep our eyes and minds open, for it is not by sleeping that one accomplishes anything.

Efficiency begins with ambition, a desire to acquire something. But then one must put in work to get out some profit. Nothing venture nothing have. The desire grows, battling against fate, it conquers by prodigious labor but there it stops. It does not overstep limits to wear ourselves out, for efficiency is also a science of self control.

Efficiency like all other good qualities is a link in the chain that leads to a hundred point man.



## Scholarliness

S. Kawazoe '26

**A**RE you punctual in completing your assigned work in the required time? Are your tasks done to the full satisfaction of your professor? Do you work hard? Are you enthusiastic in your studies? Have you real and full-hearted interest in them? Well, if you are wanting in any of these things, you lack scholarliness and you are just so much short of scholarship, the big ideal of the genuine student.

Suppose you are told to present a certain task within a fixed date and you don't bring it on time. You will not receive full credit for this long-over-due task even if it is excellently done. "Shun delays, they breed remorse," because procrastination is the thief of time. And you only worsen matters when you excuse your negligence. "Qui s'excuse, s'accuse." You had your opportunity and if you missed it by depending too much on a doubtful chance, you have nobody to blame but yourself.

Again, suppose now the task is delivered as due but done in the spirit of a time-server. Would you expect 100%? And still the 100% is the regular mark that scholarliness looks for. How then attain scholarship? Well, begin with a lively enthusiasm in your studies. No matter how unpleasant the subject may be determine with yourself that you mean to make it one of your pet branches. Try to see the good in it. Systematize your way of coming to grips with it. Take every occasion to become familiar with it. In this way your tasks will be done punctually and profitably because you are "animated" in producing them; and they will be neatly done and presentable for inspection besides. And so, without your being aware of the process, scholarship will be growing into your mind as naturally as the heavenly spirit grows in the mind of a just man.

## Association

I. Agafuroff '26

**I**T is said that men succeed in life quite as much by their temper as by their talents. A man's kind dispositions constitute his secret power in the world. To all tart and flip-pant remarks he retorts with a smile. By so doing he disposes everybody in his favor and acquires numerous friends and is a source of active co-

operation in the world. He needs society and society needs him.

Association with persons wiser, better, and more experienced than ourselves is the normal way of heightening our worth. The wise with whom we associate radiate their wisdom. We correct our estimates by theirs and participate in their prudence.

To associate with others profitably we ourselves must first of all be of a cheerful and sunny disposition. In the presence of some men we breathe a refreshing and invigorating air. They radiate sunshine and their minds reflect a captivating cheerfulness. If everybody would imitate them there

would hardly be any contentions in the world. "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." Follow this Golden Rule and you will render yourself useful to people around you and to the community at large.

## School Spirit

Alfred Agajan '26

**D**ID you ever stop to inquire of yourself what your attitude is towards your school? Do you regard it as an intellectual manufactory in which, by sheer lapse of time, you "get made" mentally? Or do you take a real, enthusiastic interest in its welfare, and avail yourself of every occasion that comes your way to say or contribute something towards its welfare? If not, why not become loyal? For, if your interest in this regard is dormant or dead, you can assure yourself that you are lacking in school spirit,—the spirit that should be manifest in every student of this college.

Sentiments of good will are not lacking in us, but these feelings we let lie inert within our hearts. Therefore, he, to whom the above remarks apply, should force these feelings to the surface and begin in earnest to speak well of his school and promote its interests at every opportunity.

These sentiments should stimulate every boy to preserve in every act of his daily life those high ideals of lofty purpose. And, if well nourished, his affiliations with his Alma Mater will continue on after his graduation through all the checkered career of after-life.





## THE A. A. A.

**A**S this issue of the "Forward" goes to press, we are notified that efforts are being made to revive the Alumni Athletic Association of St. Joseph's College. The phrase "efforts are being made" is hardly adequate in this case, for it seems to give an impression of thoughts, rather than deeds, and in the case of the A. A. A., it is very gratifying to note that our "Old Boys" have combined action with their aim of having an athletic organization worthy of their "Alma Mater."

It will be recalled that this club was first organized as a track and field team in the spring of 1923, just three years ago, and a meet was held with the 2nd Track Team of Keio University, at which our boys were easy victors. Later, a swimming team was formed under the able leadership of Kunt Olsen and Bill Laffin. This team, competed with the K. R. A. C. and the Keio University just prior to the earthquake, winning both meets by the closest of margins.

The earthquake scattered its members and although one or two attempts were made to revive its activities, owing to lack of support it was not possible to do so until the present time.

A general meeting was held on March 16th, at which there was an attendance of 19 members, and what was lacking in quantity was more than made up in enthusiasm. The new club already has two established teams, representing Basketball and Baseball Teams.

The former, under the captaincy of Max Fachtmann, is the quintette which won the triple game series with the American School of Japan. The members of the Basketball Team have shown great enthusiasm and their recent victories are solely due to their consistent training and splendid teamwork.

The Baseball Team numbers amongst its members, Herman Oberlein, Captain, and Fred da Silva, both of whom have pitched for the Y. C. & A. C. Interport Teams in recent

years. The rainy Sundays during the early part of March have kept the team impatiently waiting for its first game of the season, but by the beginning of the Easter holidays, it is hoped that this team will have proven its worth.

The Track & Field Team is still in the course of organization, with Hans Fachtmann as Captain, and though it is still too early to predict anything definite, with such all round men as Hans his brother George, and Bill Laffin, we feel sure that the Track & Field Team will be of the same calibre as the other two teams, and that's saying not a little.

Besides the above mentioned activities, the A. A. A. hopes to take on other lines in due course of time and requests that all old boys interested

send their names in to the Secretary, Mr. F. Harriss, c/o Owston & Co., 1, Yamashita-cho, Yokohama.

The members of the General Committee as elected at the first meeting are:

H. Mason, Club Manager.  
H. Fachtmann.  
L. Fachtmann.  
W. Laffin.  
H. Oberlein.  
E. da Silva.  
F. Harriss, Secretary.  
E. da Silva, Treasurer.

Now that the "Forward" has done its best in giving the A. A. A. publicity, it is up to the "Old Boys" to show us results which our sense of pride will not permit us to exclude from the future issues of this magazine.  
"An Old Boy."

## Alumni Mail

Stanley Dresser '26

**J. Cotte** has left Yokohama to start a silk business with C. Leopold in Kobe. We wish you both the best of luck.

**J. S. Boyd** informs us of being appointed to the honor of "Thompson Experimental Scholar in Natural Philosophy." Heartiest congratulations to you John and sincere wishes for best success.

**Hugo J. Mahr** writes an interesting letter from U. S. He says that he is getting quite well acquainted with Seattle and in general with the whole of the U. S. A. He also is very much interested in the "Forward" and sends his regular subscriptions. Keep it up Hugo, you've got the spirit!

**Rayborn Balden** visited the College after his trip to England. He is now at Chigasaki.

**Phillip and Robert Balden** are both successfully conducting a lumber business in Canada. I see you are regular lumber jacks eh? That's the stuff.

**M. Agafuroff** writes quite often to his Alma Mater. He liked the Christmas number of the "Forward" and he sends his congrats to the present Senior Class. "Aga" helped us in getting new subscribers and we sincerely appreciate his kind efforts.

**Louis and Rupert Cox** have both acquired admirable marks in their recent examinations at the U. of D. They were above the nineties. Great stuff fellows, keep right on.



**Sam Shaw** is also doing quite well with his classmates. He also attained a very good average in his last examinations. Ata boy! "Shoppe." Good for you.

**J. Ryssin** wishes to exchange correspondence with his classmates. His address is: Leopold Ryssin & Co., Shanghai.

**G. de Benneville.** Mr. de Benneville writes about his son finishing his course in the Boston Technical University of Applied Science.

**Jack Blum**, who returned to Japan on March 18th to take a position with Witkowski & Co. of Kobe, pleasantly surprised us all by dropping in during the entertainment on March 19th. Jack reports that Robert will enter the California U. next September, and that Robert will be the youngest at the University.



Our Benefactors at Home and Abroad.

**S**INCE the time of the Quake-Fire of 3 years ago the list of our college's benefactors, tho not very large, has been slowly lengthening. We use the opportunity given us by the Forward to tender our sincere thanks to our friends both at home and abroad. Few people are aware how much we depend on them. The catastrophe broke us in half and it is hard to say how we would have weathered our trying refugeehood at Kobe but for the generous assistance by which our friends stood by and kept us on our feet. Refer to previous issues of the Forward and see how they did it. Our present object is to keep the

memory of it fresh and to broadcast our appreciation of the help received. Here is the honor-roll of our friends from near and far:—

Rt. Rev. Arbp. Mooney,	
Papal Delegate to India...	¥ 1,093
Messrs. G. Audoyer of	
Yokohama ...	500
G. L. Shaw of	
Autung, China. ..	100
A. Visi of Kobe ..	50
J. M. of Kobe ...	50
C. Eymard of	
Yokohama ...	500
Mr. Alwin Tapke, V.P. Pustet Publ.	
Co. Cincinnati, Ohio.	
Mrs. Theresa Leimkuhler of Balti-	
more, Md, U. S. A.	



Les Fourberies de Scapin

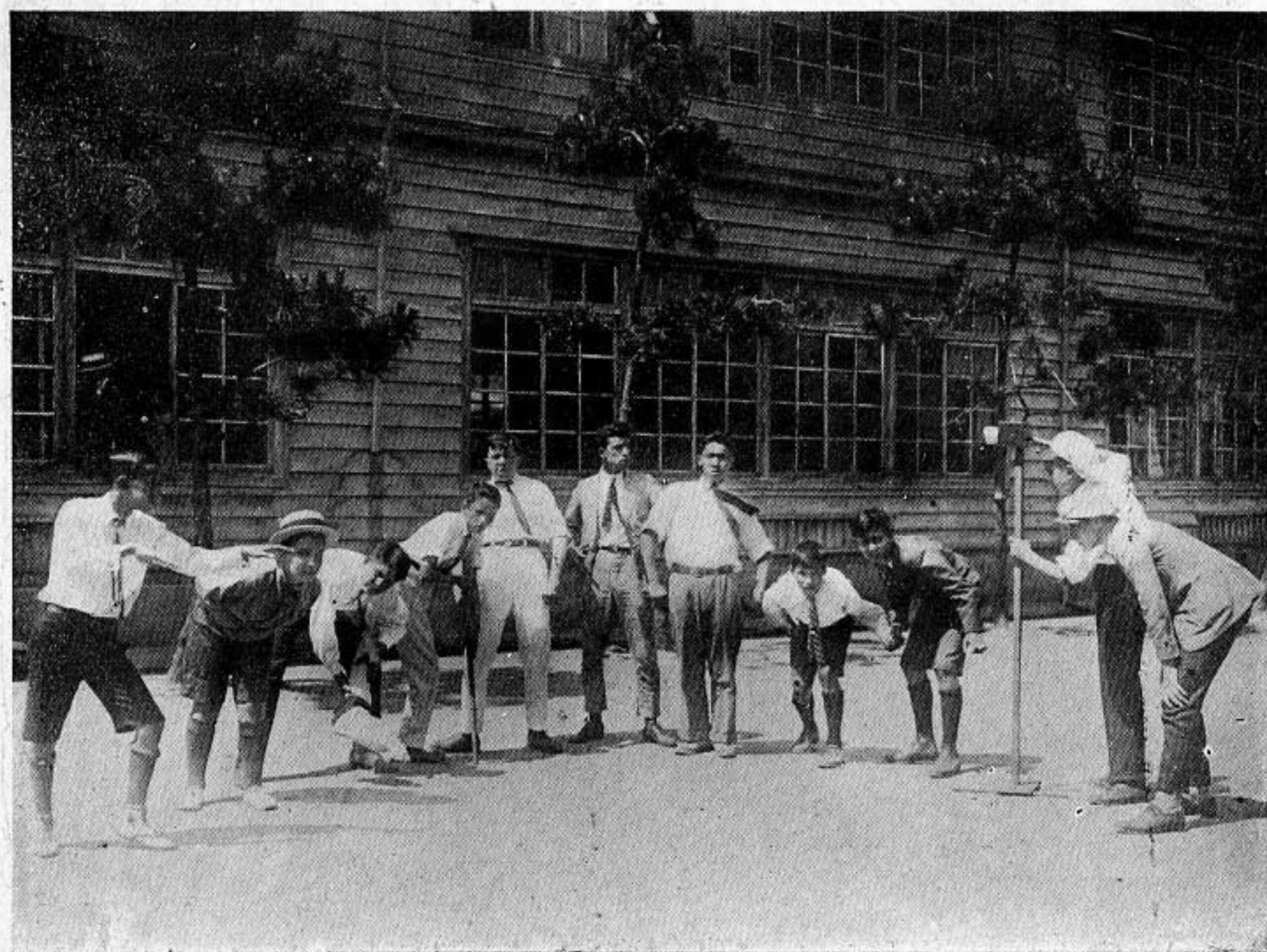


Les Fourberies de Scapin





The Ruby Ring

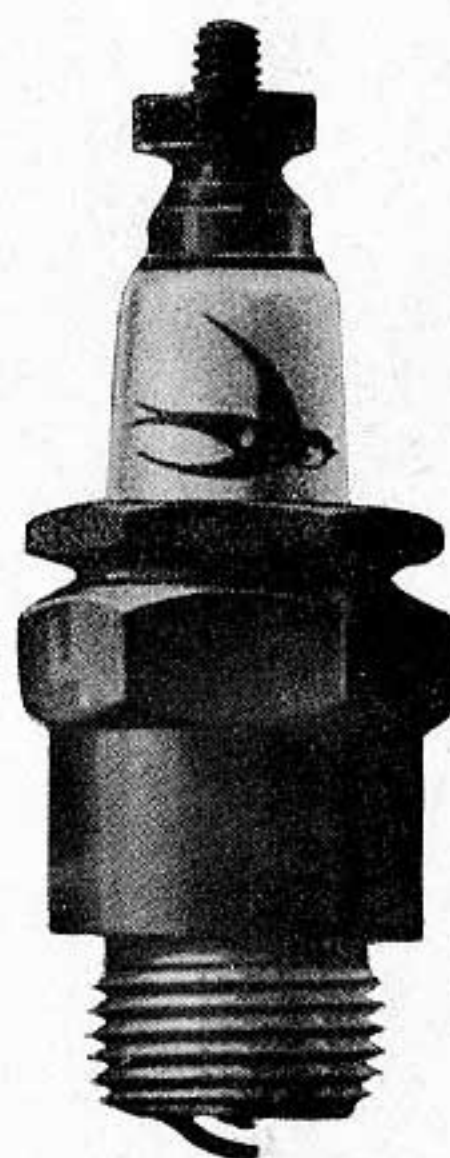
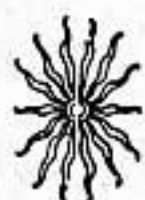


Success at Last





# E Y Q U E N



## THE PLUG THAT SPARKS

APRIL, 1926

25

Rev. Joseph Tetslaff, President of Cathedral Latin School, Cleveland, O.

Rev. Walter Tredtin, Director of Mt. St. John Normal School, Daton, O.

Prof. Robert Holzmer, of Mt. St. John Normal School Dayton, O.

Mr. W. E. Case, Berkeley, California, U. S. A.

Mrs. T. B. Jones New York, U. S. A.

Bro. Joseph Basta of St. John School, New York.

Bro. Peter Maier, Director of St. James School San Francisco, Cal.

### Mr. H. Playfair.

We extend our gratitude to Mr. Playfair for his gift of a complete edition of Petri Dens' "Theologia Moralis et Dogmatica." The Latin class look forward to the day when they will be able to read it.

### Mr. J. Neary.

It is a real pleasure for us to say our little word about Mr. Neary who by making a great sacrifice of his time went to the various business houses in Yokohama and laid before them the needs of the College. Mr. Neary's success was gratifying and within a short time results will be noticed. Our thanks, Mr. Neary.

**Mr. Miyauchi**, the Contractor and Builder of St. Joseph's College has added to his several gifts to the boys by having two billiard tables constructed for outside use and also a sand pit dug and filled. Now the boys can jump at will and the little boys build their castles in the sand. Mr. Miyauchi, please accept our joyful thanks.

### Mr. M. Papendieck.

We wish to express our thanks to Mr. Papendieck for the specially constructed aneroid barometer for class demonstrations which he donated to the science class.

All these have in divers ways given us a lift in the measure of their means. But we are still in the half-wrecked condition in which the big disaster has left us. So far we have gathered together some odd 5,000 Yen. To build is urgent; we need a playground and an auditorium, to say nothing of a residence hall for our boarding-students, as they are presently jammed into classrooms of the only building that the Quake-Fire left us. May a kind Providence lengthen still more the list of our benefactors!

## Rehearsals for the Entertainment

Preparations for the entertainment given on St. Joseph's day were started early and with a will. The actors entered into the real spirit of the work and practiced after class hours nearly every day. Mr. John Masson, our star comedian of '25 gave us valuable support in the comedy, sacrificing spare time on Sunday mornings. Under the able direction of Mr. Abromitis, the dramatics soon reached quite a degree of perfection.

**Latin.** Since the beginning of this term the Seniors and Juniors are

having Latin classes twice a week. Father Meininger has guided us successfully over the 3rd declension and we are now prepared for some more heavy work.

**Calisthenics.** All the boys from the first prep to senior high are taking keen interest in calisthenics classes held twice a week under the direction of Mr. Hirota of the Y. M. C. A. This physical exercise is of great benefit to the boys and their enthusiasm is kept up by tailing off the



usual twists and turns with interesting games of a competitory character.

**Mr. Edme Gallois.** Consul de France in Seoul is much pleased with the "Forward" and wishes to keep in touch with the College by receiving the magazine regularly.

**Murat Agafuroff,** has been doing his bit, selling "Forward" subscriptions in Harbin, with the same ardor and enthusiasm as of yore.

## Freshman Reading Circle

That's a new wrinkle but it had to come if the Freshmen meant to develop into worthy Sophomores. Like for all innovations, it was hard to get the start because a taste for reading is inborn in relatively few people. But the Freshmen were not long at their ice-breaking and so there are now several packs of

### Mrs. Grauert.

It is with hearts of grief that we heard about the sudden and unexpected death of Mrs. Grauert.

Dr. Grauert, her only son, has our sincerest condolence.

**Frank Juchheim,** of the fourth preparatory is on his way to Germany for a few months vacation. Frank is travelling with Mrs. Juchheim. After his return Frank will tell us all about the many things he saw in his Vaterland.

magazines in lively circulation. Before long, we will be at books and then lay for some good compositions with even correct spelling! "Columbia" from America and "Our Boys" from Ireland are two of our favorites. "Pathfinder" also makes its regular round.

## The Entertainment

The College's annual feast-day was signalized by a very successful dramatic performance. The numerous actors were seconded by a squad of alert stage hands while a corps of student artists painted the 5 scenes required for the setting of the dramatic selections. The main selection, "The Ruby Ring," besides having a beautiful theme bore so chivalrous a character that it provoked keen appreciation on the part of the audience. In the program it was sandwiched between two comedies; "Les Fourberies de Scapin" and "Success at Last." The latter comedy was a student production.

The youthful actors exceeded general expectations. Some showed their versatility by sustaining several roles.

High praise is due to all especially for the great good will shown in contributing each whatever he could to the success of the big day. And it was a success, proving once again how the old college is endeared to its students.

And here is what the classes did and here are the leaders of the ticket sellers:

4 High	253%	O. H. Helm
3 High	126%	V. Kulikoff
2 High	80%	P. Fehlen
1 High	66%	L. Haum
6 Class	33%	G. Mayers
5 Class	46%	K. Yamada
4 Class	100%	{S. Manley
		{W. Papendieck
3 Class	35%	C. Boyd
1 & 2 Cl.	50%	J. Darbier



## Football News

S. Kawazoe '26

### S. J. C. Gridders Defeat Sanchyu In Two Successive Games.

#### First Victory, 3-0.

The Blue and White immediately began an advance down the field and by a series of short passes soon gained the first point. A ding-dong tussle then followed but the pigskin remained doggedly within the opponent's center line.

In the second half Sanchyu struggled hard to break through the S. J. C. halves determined to score, but they failed completely.

M. Ganin and S. Dresser deserve special mention for piling up three points.

#### Second Victory, 4-1.

The Saints exhibited poppy conflict showing great spirit. The first two points were scored with dazzling rapidity. V. Kulikoff, Saint Joseph's toughest fullback replaced a forward and immediately after the kick off, shot the pill through the goal. Following closely, a beautiful corner kick delivered by St. Dresser was tactfully carried through the goal in a mêlée by Guterres.

Towards the end of the first half, a sudden break in the line was affected and Sanchyu's center-forward dribbled the pigskin through skilfully scoring their solitary point.

In the second half the ball was passed to M. Ganin close to the opponent's penalty line. Skilfully averting the rough defense of their backs, Ganin shot an easy goal. Five minutes before the end a beautiful long shot delivered by K. Kosloff forced its way through the gate-guard's desperate grasp giving "Koschy" full credit for the point.

### Hard Fought Tussle Against The Blue Funnel Crack Team.

The sailors of the Blue Funnel were constantly menacing the Blue and White but the speed of the S. J. C. boys far excelled those of the opponents', coming out safe from many perilous attacks. The first half ended 0-0.

At last towards the middle of the second half, the sailors slackened down, St. Joseph's then took the upper hand. M. Ganin scored the winning point for the team.



## BASKETBALL GAMES.

### S. J. C. Suffers Two Defeats From American School.

On the 19th. Feb. the Basketball Quintets met on the Yokohama Y. M. C. A. floor.

The curtain-raiser was the game between the second teams. The even strength on both aggregations gave respective rooters wild excitement.

In the first quarter S. J. C. lead by a couple of goals but the American School soon caught up making it even and in the following two quarters continued to score doggedly until they lead by one point. 19-18.

In the last quarter a desperate struggle for supremacy ensued, both teams unconscious to fatigue. The game ended with a tie score, 23-23.

An extra three minutes was arranged and the game resumed after one minute's rest. An intense excitement overwhelmed the spectators. S. J. C. took every opportunity at scoring but the stubborn pill refused to pass through the loop. Finally H. McCoy of the A. S. tilted the victorious goal. Score 25-23.

In the following game the first quarter started well for the American School, leading by several points. St. Joseph's team work had completely railed at the opponents' strong defense. With creditable combination A. S. continued to score.

In the second quarter, the visitors were still leading until in the third quarter the Blue and White tried gamely at long shooting slowly catching up. It ended with a tied score, 11 all.

The last quarter was fought in a rugged fashion. As it appeared in

the Times, "Though there was no shooting, it was almost a minor war. It was a wonder that no one was killed during the remaining nine minutes." However, the quarter was closed with the American School leading by two baskets. 15-11.

### Saints Bring Home The Bacon. Vanquish American School In a Run-away Score.

The quintets met on the Community Center floor in Tokyo. St. Joseph's retaliated for the recent defeat in Yokohama to the tune of 26-18 and 58-6.

The opening games was between the second teams. It was well fought throughout and credit to both for their consistent team work and the excellent fighting spirit. The strange floor had somewhat robbed S. J. C. of their usual speed and they fought rather ruggedly in the first quarter which ended 4 all. But, in the second quarter they were soon back to their old stuff shooting accurately and leading their adversary by tow baskets. 11-7.

In the third quarter the Blue and White grew more steady than ever scoring slowly but surely while A. S. endeavored in vain to reverse the score. It ended 17-10.

In the opening of the last period the American School made a sudden spurt bringing the points to tie. But the calm and steady tactics of the St. Joseph's kept them down and the final whistle blew with the score 26-18 in their favor.

Full credit for W. Fehlen and F. Clarke of the Yokohama team for their good team work.

With a little warm-up, the second game between the first teams followed. The "Advertiser" puts it nicely in the following lines, "The second game was a FARCE. St. Joseph's SCORING ALMOST AT WILL on their opponents. The American School team was dead and lifeless. They couldn't pass. They couldn't shoot and neither could they stop the other team from scoring."

In the first half the Saints started easy registering 6 points to the other's 0. In the second, the score leaped up to 26 Keeping the opponent still at zero. In the third they ran away adding 14 points more and in the last quarter the A. S. managed to tilt three baskets whilst the Yokoites settled for the previous defeat by a big count of 58.

"Koschy" Kosloff and "Al" Dresser of the Blue and White Quintet were excellent, scoring most of the points.

Referee: Mr. Fisher.

Umpire: Mr. Hirota.

### Saints Put Up A Hot Game Against Y. C. A. C.

The first half went well for the S. J. C. boys. They dashed away at a rare pace and forced the opponent's fullbacks to be constantly on the defense. Though inferior to the big men in weight and experience, especially in the former, the Blue and White lads darted nimbly between their adversaries and threatened the enemy's goal several times. K. Kosloff drove a 'hard shot but went widely over the crossbar. Another attack was made but ended fruitlessly when M. Ganin missed the goal by a few inches. Towards the end of this half, however, S. Dresser shot the leading goal. Then the scrappy enemy line got together and gained the counter point.

In the second half the difference in weight and vitality at last began to show out. S. Joseph's goal was constantly in danger. But I. Agafuroff with his long reach saved many dangerous attacks from becoming points. All credit is given "Fatty" for his magnificent defense work.







## JOKES AND SPARKLETS

By I. Agafuroff '26

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"Is de left hind foot of a rabbit a sign of luck?"

"It sho is" remarked Mr. Erastus Pinkey, "if you owns de rest of de rabbit."

### Caught

"Please, teacher, would you punish a chap for something he had't done?"

"Certainly not, Billy. That would be unjust."

"All right then I did not do my homework."

### Nothing Doing

"A newspaper reporter wishes to see you, sir."

"Did you tell him I was hoarse—could hadly speak?"

"Yes, sir: but he said he would only ask questions which you could answer by a nod or a shake of the head."

"Tell him I have a stiff neck."

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### How Was It Done?

Going round a museum with his father, Freddy came across a stuffed lion, with a bullet wound in its side.

"Oh, daddy!" exclaimed the little chap, "how did they shoot the lion without breaking the glass?"

Yes

"Is Jack a loud dresser?"

"Is he! You should hear him hunting for his collar button."

### Some Liquid!

*Teacher:* (explaining the extraction of sulphur by hot water method) When they force hot water into the sulphur layers in Texas in what state does the sulphur come out?

*A smart pupil:*—In Texas of course!

### Showing Off

*Fond Mother:* Yes Genevieve is studying French and Algebra. Say "Good Morning" to the lady in Algebra Genevieve.

### Danger

"So your father is ill. I hope it is nothing contagious."

"So do I. The doctor says he is suffering from overwork."

### Nearly Dead

*Old gentleman:* (to butcher's boy who has collided with a lamp post) —"Oh, my boy, are you hurt?"

*Butcher's boy:* (busily collecting his scattered packages)—"I dunno. There's me liver. But where's me kidneys?"

### Some Ruler

"I say, have you got a good two-foot rule to give me?"

"Yes—keep your feet dry."

### Efficiency

After Patsy Hogan had left Dublin for the country and rented a cottage with a small backyard, he returned to town and purchased a monkey.



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Tel. No. 3314

Not a word of his scheme would he disclose to his old cronies.

But afterwards he explained, "Twas like this: I chained the monkey to a stick in me yards, and the coal thrains were passing all day, and on iv'ry thrain there was a stoker. In one week I had two tons of coal in me cellar, and the monkey was never wanst hit!"

#### His Business

"I met Ikey coming out of the bank just now?"

"Depositing a thousand or two I s'pose."

"No; he'd bin in to fill 'is fountain-pen."

#### If!

*Fatigued Fred*—"I could enjoy a bit of something to eat right now."

*Optimistic Horace* "Yus; if we'd a bit of bacon we might 'ave some bacon and eggs, if we'd some eggs."

#### Why The Ad. Didn't Pull

"Wanted, a female donkey. Apply personally or by letter."

#### Our Difficult Language

*Lady in a butcher shop*; "Is that the headcheese over there?"

*Attendant*: "No, mam, the boss ain't in."

#### It Can't Be Done

"Mebbe," says Hank, "eatin' onions is one of the secrets of long life an' health, but how are ye gonna keep it secret?"

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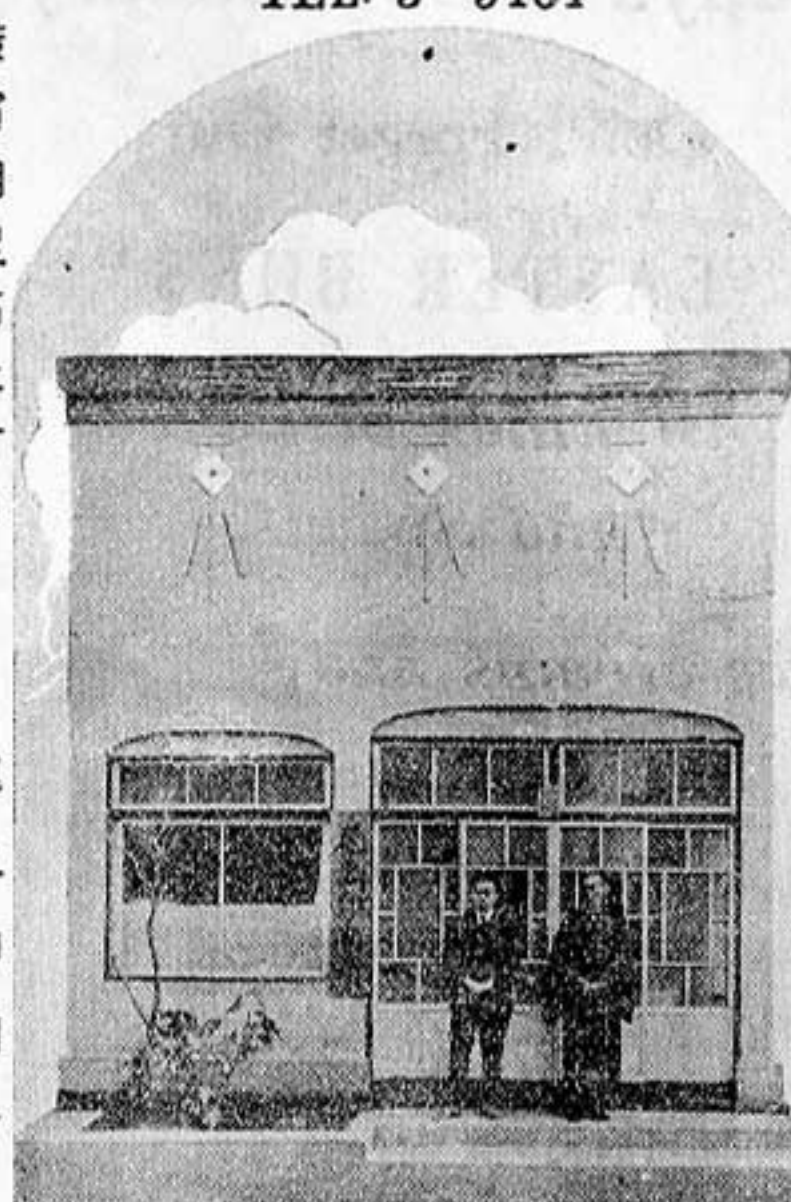
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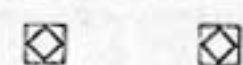
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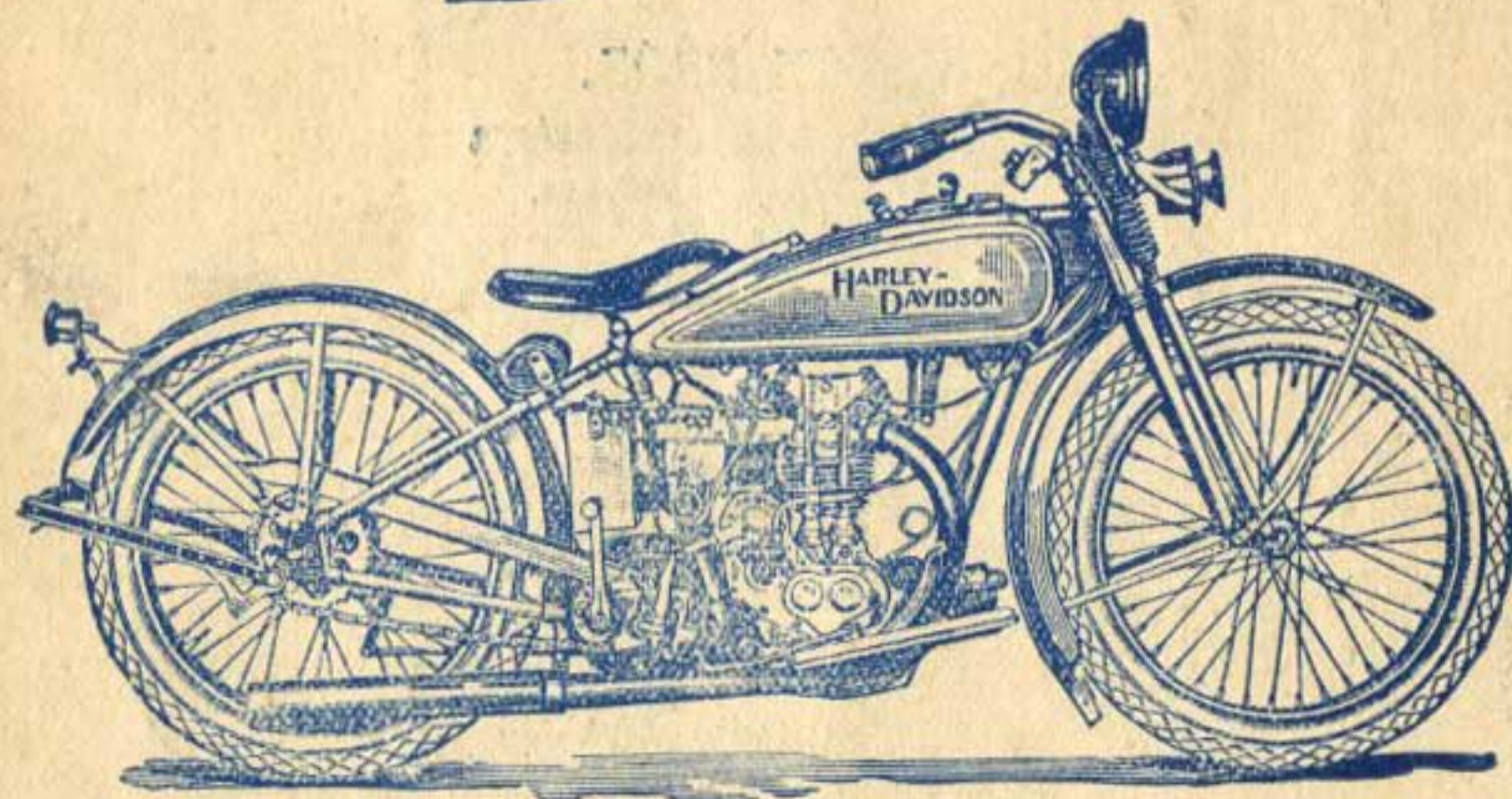
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